Seven-Year-Old Who Plays and Sings and Writes Verses-A Beauty, Too, and Poses for Artists—Daughter of Cubans but Is Golden Haired—Study Her Piay.

There is in the Cuban colony of New York a child violinist of more than usual promise. Although she is but 7 years old the little girl plays with wonderful ease and with a power of expression scarcely to be expected in a mere child. If the predictions of enthusiastic friends come true little Alicia Bou of 349 East Fifty-first street will be the equal of—but then if the predictions of friends came true the great names of history would long since have been over-

shadowed, and Brown or Smith would have supplanted Shakespeare. Perhaps the most interesting thing about her is that with all the praise her talent and beauty have brought her she is no "infant prodigr." but a simple child.

Alicia knows many of the compositions of the masters, but her particular devotion is to Moszkowski, whose wild barbaric strains seem to fascinate her. She has the power of improvisation, and as other children turn to dolls and toys for amusement she

turns to her violin. The child's beauty is as unusual as her





to you and wants to go in with you where it is warm, why, he becomes a little annoy-ing and you close the door in his face. "It is a way that homeless dogs have, this of following people in the street, and they may be prompted by intelligence in their selection, by an instinct that leads with them, or perhaps they follow the first person that comes along that does not repel

> "Yesterday; in Warren street, I homeless dog following a young woman one who was little more than a girl. She was a nice, pleasant faced, evidently kind hearted young woman, and this was a pretty good sized, short haired black dog, of good and naturally cheerful disposition and normally a strong, a pretty powerful dog, but now thin and weak and wabbly

THE HOMELESS DOG.

His Hard Lot Adrift in the Streets of th City-The Dog and the Girl.

"It is flattering to be followed by a home-less dog," asid Mr. Gwillping, "but some-

street, a thin, ill fed and most likely hungry

dog, weak and drooping and craving friend

liness, and when you come along and he looks up and seems to single you out as one likely to be kind to him, and starts at a

respectful distance to follow, why that is

sort of flattering.
"But when after you have gone along

half a block or so and you turn to see if he

is still following, you see him still there,

halting when you do and throwing up his

head and one foot, keeping his distance

and fearful now that he will be repulsed;

and when, starting on again you are con

scious that he has started on again, too

after you; and when, crossing the street, you know that he has dropped down from

the curb and is crossing in your track, and reaching and opening your door you find that the homeless dog has closed up near

"You meet, as you are going along the

times a little annoying.

and normally a strong, a pretty powerful dog, but now thin and weak and wabbly from lack of food.

"They were coming up from North River way toward Broadway, the girl stepping along briskly and the dog taking long soft steps with its long legs, following silently and decorously, weaving in and out among the people on the walk, to keep out of the people's way and to keep up with her. He wasn't downcast and forlorn; weak as he was he preserved as far as his condition would permit his inborn cheerfulness, but he wanted to find a friend, and something in this young girl's appearance had appealed to him, and he was soft footing along after her, not sneakingly, but openly, though respectfully, perhaps because he liked her because she had appealed to him in the crowd, and perhaps because he had a vague idea that some good would come out of it for him.

"And she knew the dog was following her and had paid no attention to it; but when, coming so, along the south side of Warren, they had got pretty nearly up to Broadway she turned on the dog and held up her hand to him warningly for him to stop. And the dog stopped at that; but her motion wasn't imperative, and she looked kindly as she made it, and when, as she now did, she stepped down from the curb to cross the street around the new building on the north corner on her way up Broadawy the dog started to follow, of which fact she was aware.

"But she couldn't have that dog following her up Broadway, and now promptly she turned again, and this time with a not unkindly but still a duly significant face and a firm motion of her hand she lifted up her must against him, and without cringing, with even a little friendly wagging of his wabbly tail, the dog obeyed and stopped right where he was on the sidewalk.

"Having his eyes fixed upon her at the moment, as he did, he took no note of the passersby, and now he had to lift his head well up so that it would clear a man who was brushing past him, and when he got it down again his search for a friendly face in the crowd.

"Hard,

to begin again his search for a frie face in the crowd. "Hard, indeed, is the lot of the hom

NOW THE ULTRA-MICROSCOPE. New World of Tiny Organisms Revealed by

New System of Lighting.
The ultra-microscope is a recent device of science. By its aid it is expected that many micro-organisms which have hitherto defied observation will be detected. As the classification of microbes has progressed

biologists have been arriving at the con-clusion that many must still remain un-known, too small to be perceived with any instrument hitherto in use.

The new apparatus is the invention of two Frenchmen, Mesers. Cotton and Mon-ton. It involves no change in the existing arrangement of lenses. It is the system of lighting that is revolutionized. The ray is used at right angles to the axis of the instrument, instead of coinciding with it. Thus the light aweeps across the objective

THRIFT IN HOUSEKEEPING

NEW YORKERS LACK IT, SAY EX-PERTS AND DEALERS.

Buy Carelessly and Cook, if They Cook at All, in the Easiest Way-What the Schools Are Doing to Teach Economy -Lack of Storerooms a Factor

According to the experts in domestic conomy and the dealers in foodstuffs, the modern city housekeeper of average means is lacking in thrift. Here are some of the charges against her: She does not know how to buy economi-

cally or how to cook properly what she does buy; she is indifferent to the culinary feat-ures of housekeeping; she wastes almost as much food as ahe uses.

figures indicating the proportion of waste, but agree that most housekeepers could easily save from 10 to 20 per cent. on their food bills without diminishing quantity

This is especially true, it seems, of families in moderate circumstances living in flats and apartments. Here, for example, is what the proprietor of a big market, whose customers include the rich as well as the moderately prosperous and the poorer classes, had to say on the subject:

weigh every purchase when you get it home. Yes, I'm afraid light weight is served out in many shops, especially those in the poorer neighborhoods. In first class stores customers run less ri k.

"Not long ago, for instance, a friend of my daughter who was recently married, told me at my own table of buying one pound of butter at a certain store and finding it six ounces short when she weighed it in her kitchen. The grocer knew she was a bride and sized up her inexperience, never

"One day I sent out to half a dozen neighboring stores and in each purchased half a pound of the best butter. In only one instance did I get eight ounces. The other packages were from half an ounce to three ounces short weight. I wouldn't be afraid to wager that not more than one out of every-hundred of the women who

besides. The trimmings and the bone went into the stock pot and made a good foundation for all sorts of soups. when the new style flats with gas ranges came in the stock pot went out. No one makes stock now, because canned soups

"Cost more? Why certainly, more than double, but that doesn't make any difference except with rich people who always have

except with rich people who always have their soups made in their own kitchen.

"Women in those days went to market more generally than now. On the whole, I think a housekeeper can save a good deal by seeing the things she buys. The dealers are not trying to cheat her, but one day certain vegetables may be higher than they are the next, and the cut of meat she asks for may not be on hand, in which case a better cut is generally substituted, or maybe a cut which weighs more. By not going to market and ordering by telephone as so many do, she may pick out what is sourcest and highest. On the other hand if on the spot she may see a piece of meat

or five pounds, and one pound of pork tenderloin," said the woman, reading from

or five pounds, and one pound of pork tenderloin," said the woman, reading from her slip.

"Oh, yes, vegetables. What have you?" The clerk called off half a dozen, including cucumbers.

"Send me two quarts of spinach, a head of lettuce and put in two small cucumbers. That's all," and the women whisked out.

"That woman can't order by telephone, because there is no telephone in the house, or I suppose she would not come here, commented the proprietor. "No, she doesn't often ask the price of what she buys, but when the bill is presented she sometimes makes a fuss. Cucumbers today are 30 cents each, and I am sure she doesn't know it. Her husband is a clerk with a small salary, who can't afford, I know, hothouse products out of season.

"There are two men employed in this store who get precisely the same wages, and they are both married, one having four children, the other one child. The man with the large family looks better fed and his children are better clothed than the man with the smaller family, and it's all a question of the way the wife markets. I've seen both women. One sends her little girl to the store for one thing at a time as it is needed; the other goes two or three times a week to markets, which can afford to sell cheaper than those in higher priced localities, and buys of what is most plentiful and cheapest.

"Probably she feeds a family of six on less than it takes to feed the other family of three, and feeds them better, too. Her husband told me once that his wife never threw anything away, and I told him that I guessed we couldn't say that of many of

husband told me once that his wife never threw anything away, and I told him that I guessed we couldn't say that of many of our customers.

"Not many years ago I had customers who always bought in the height of the season a crate of tomatoes and put them up in jars for winter use, and preserved fruits in the same way, but that happens very seldom now.

"No, it is not true that canned vegetables

very seldom now.

"No, it is not true that canned vegetables and fruit cost less than those done up at home. A decent quality costs considerably more."

home. A decent quality costs considerably more."

An assistant in the domestic science department of Teachers College in commenting on the New York woman's system of housekeeping said that the great army of families of small means were handicapped by two things; first, the lack of a store room; second, ignorance of most women of the art of seasoning foods.

"To buy a barrel of flour and a bushel of potatoes is a great deal easier than to store them away in a flat—and most people who have to consider economy live in flats," said she.

"A housekeeper I know, when starting to market one day, asked her little daughter who was not well what she should buy. Said the child: 'Please don't buy any two or three day things.' Which meant that she didn't want a roast or a joint which would have to be eaten cold the next day and warmed up the third.

"I believe that in most cases the man of the house, and the woman, too, feels the same way, and this leads in small families to buying steaks and chops, chops and steaks, from one end of the week to the

same way, and this leads in small families to buying steaks and chops, chops and steaks, from one end of the week to the other and at a greatly increased cost. Made dishes, if properly prepared, are delicious and remarkably nutritious, but they take time and skill. Buying fresh meat every day is perhaps one of the chief reasons why food bills are as a rule much higher now than formerly. Fresh bread is another factor.

"When making a demonstration in the cooking class one day a little girl said.

"I can bring you all the bread crumbs you want to-morrow."

"Perhaps your mother will need them,"

"It is that way in most families, I find. The bread must be absolutely fresh, almost hot from the baker's once at least, often twice a day. There may be half a loaf or more left over, but this goes into the ash can. In one family where I visit, the crust of even fresh bread is not eaten. I suppose enough bread is thrown away in a radius of a few blocks every day to feed a good many families."

As Mise Helen Kinne, director of the domestic science department of Teachers College, explained not long ago to a Sun reporter, the students in her department of food. Last year as a result of this study the graduating class prepared and surved a breakfast, luncheon and dinner for six persons at about \$1 a day for the six.

In the face of the food bills meet house keepers now have to meet these experiments indicated that most New Tork housekeepers would be the better for a little instruction in domestic economy. That the rising generation is getting this instruction in the public schools and that an era of better housekeeping is in aight was pointed out by Miss Katherine Blake, principal of School 8.

"If housekeepers in general got food values for the money spent there would be cless fault to find with the exorbitant amount some almost poor people pay out for provisions," she commented. "But they do not get high food values. A porterhouse steak cohtains less nutriment than rib ends, but then so few women know how to cook the latter to make them delicious. That's the trouble—not knowing how or not being willing to take the trouble to cook.

"The other day a servant who has been with us a good many years waved a cook book at me when I entered the kitchen with the remark: "Sure, Miss Katy, it's a splendid cook book I'm after getting. Me friend Jennie Burke, who has cooked in the finest families, gave it to ms."

"And doesn't Jennie need it herself?" I asked.

"Sure she got married the other day and what would she warning with a familia."

"'And doesn't Jennie need it herself?' I asked.

"'Sure she got married the other day and what would she be wanting with a cook book!'

"From that I concluded that Jennie meant to be a liberal patron of the delicatesen shops and to confine her cooking to the roasts and broils for which she need not consult the cook book. The leftovers will probably go into the ashcan.

"Women with a limited sum to spend for food could save a lot by taking the trouble to go to market and by buying at the most reasonable places. For instance, potatoes at a store not far from my own home are 10 cents a quart. By walking two blocks east I can buy potatoes just as good for 8 cents and get better measure, too. That is only one example."

The teacher of domestic science at this school made the surprising statement that in spite of the obvious need of a knowledge of better housekeeping which most New York women show, it was often an uphill fight to overcome the opposition of parents to the teaching of domestic economy.

"In one of my classes," said this teacher.

"In one of my classes," said this teacher

"In one of my classes," said this teacher,
"is a girl of 12, apparently not very well
off, who told me one day when I was teaching how to use leftovers, that the same
dish never appeared twice on their table
at home. "We have something different
at every meal," she said complacently.

"Besides teaching the various branches
of cooking in this department girls are
taught dietary standards of living. They
have to find out the cost of nutritive foods,
to learn how much is saved by buying
potatoes, flour and other commodities
in larger quantities, how much is lost by
buying ham at the delicatessen store at
28 cents a pound copied when it costs
half that price uncooked.

"On certain days they are told to spend

and no one of their mothers, I should judge, ever dreams of making bread.

"It would be difficult to estimate, I think, the amount of making bread.

"It would be difficult to estimate, I think, the amount of money many housekeepers throw away annually by investing in foods done up in fancy boxes, jars and tins. Oatmeal or hominy can be bought by the pound at three or four cents, but almost any sort of cereal in a fancy package is chosen in preference. Shelled nuts in fancy jars, bacon put up in the same way, all sorts of things which may be purchased at first hand at about one-third less in price are hand at about one-third less in price are seen on the tables of comparatively poor

TOAST RUINED HIS CHANCES.

From the London Globe If the history of toasts is generally familiar, the interest attaching to their specific character is sometimes ignored; they have in great measure gone out of fashion; occasionally now as in past days the practice is de-nounced for its alleged undersirable tendency. But for all that, most of us revive the old custom, and look upon it, indeed, as one of the most indispensable of that season's social rites. And it is as we revive it that we realize how essentially the comprehensive toast has ousted the gallant individualism of its prede-

we drink "All friends," and are not careful even to ourselves, to define too curiously who come within the term; in the equally familiar "Absent friends," the "absent" needs but a trifle laboring, a little kindly casuistry, to become as comprehensive as Tiny Tim himself could desire.

The old service teest again which the

The old service toast, again—which its usual environment invests with a romantic pathos all its own—"Sweethearts and wives," though doubtless restricted in intention, is verbally patient of a generous comprehen-siveness: "Sweethearts" is not necessarily restricted to one sex, nor, we like to think, does the attitude it implies cease with marriage. This view admittedly will make "wives" a graceful and suphonious redundancy—but it adds vastly to the comprehensiveness of th siveness of the toast. And by similar reason-ing the old Scotch toast of "Honest men and bonnie lasses" may be taken as widely in-

This toast is said to have been fatal on one occasion, some decades back, to the chances of a candidate for a pasterate. He had duly of a candidate for a pasterate. He had duly made the acquaintance of the electing committee, and hey were all comfortably and solemnly absorbing toddy, when, before parting, the luckless probationer proposed the kindly old toast. The act was suicidal; the "grave and reverend seniors" were scandalized and would have nothing to say to a candidate who could not take his whiskey quietly but must needs less his thoughts and

candidate who could not take his whiskey quietly but must needs level his thoughts run on such a banal frivolity as "lasses."

Apropos of Scotch comprehensive toasts, it would be hard to find anything prettier or more pathetic than one Black told of—how a young couple married and came to London, and how the girl wife fancied in the configuration of the dreary housetops some resemblance to the familiar landscape of her Highland home. She made with plants and Highland home. She made with plants and flower boxes a miniature roof garden. nower boxes a miniature roof garden, and on certain anniversaries the two would go there, "and the young wife laughing—though there were some times tears in her eyes—never failed to say, 'And I drink to you, Benna-Braren: and to you, Ben Lena: and to you, my beautiful Corrie-Cranach: and to all that we know that are near you."

She died in scarcely more than a year, and in long after days her husband, then an old man, would come, by arrangement with the occupiers, and repeat on the old anniver-

Manchester correspondent Rochester Herald. Ezra G. Smith, while hunting recently near the town line of Manchester and Hopenear the town line of Manchester and Hopewell, about two miles southeast of Shortsville, discovered a large flock of wild geese which, instead of going south, were wintering in this vicinity. This flock was making its headquarters in a piece of marshy ground sheltered by timber lands.

Hunters and several Hopewell farmers state that for several years past a flock of geese has made this marshy piece of ground winter quarters during some of the most severe weather. It is also said that even when they came here during the open season for hunting it was almost impossible for hunters to get a shot at them owing to their watchfulness.

GREAT HARVEST OF FLOWERS ON SCILLY.

How the Industry Started and the First Subs Were Introduced—Gathering Unopened Lilies and Preparing Them for the Market—Farmers' Glass Houses,

Thirty miles southwest of Land's End the narcissus farmers of Lyonesse are busy over the January produce of their floral harvest. Many a hothouse is all aglow with white and gold, and local steamers are beginning to bear their growing consignments of fragrant boxes past the peris of the Wolf and the Rundlestone to the Great Western Railway terminus and starting point at Penzance. But beautiful as is this horticultural industry, and fascinating as it is also in association with stormswept little islands, runged around in the hours of heavy gales with a girdle of foam from the black crags of Penmuis to the towering rock mass of Minavawr, the story of its origin and growth is more romantic still.

Indeed that microcosm of the Scilly Isles has had vicissitudes of fortune, says the London Tribune, if we only start with the last odd hundred years or so of its story, In the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars it did very well as a port; squadrons of warships and fleets of merchant vessels being frequent visitors to its island en-circled roadstead. The small farmers found an abundant market for their vege-tables and other produce, not only with the vessels contained in harbor by easterly winds, but with the fleets always cruising off Brest and "the Gib," as our rock fortress at the mouth of the Mediterranean was amiliarly known to them.

Then came the peace and a commercial collapse, partly redeemed from disaster by the inauguration of a kelp industry. Then the demand for kelp failed, and again there was distress. Still in the days of sailing ships an east wind always filled the pretty little roads, and undaunted entermise also made Soilly a ship owning and ship building port. Besides, the culand ship building port. Besides, the cultivation of early potatoes for the London market brought a new affluence to the farmers, who invested their savings in island owned ships. Then the development of steam destroyed the ship owning and ship building industry, and a spirit of financial gloom settled down on Lyon-

and ship building industry, and a spirit of financial gloom settled down on Lyonesse.

All the while, however, unknown to most of its inhabitants, the makings of a Pactolus lay disregarded in many an island nook, orchard and garden. And this brings me to a date about thirty-seven years ago, when it is known that in the Isles of Scilly there were eight varieties of narcissus quite spart from any that might be growing in the Abber Gardens, the beautiful pleasaunce of Mr. Dorrien-Smith at Tresco. A few of these were to be found growing wild, others in the gardens of the farmers.

Howethese flowers came into the islands is, so Mr. Dorrien-Smith, the popular "King of Scilly," has tokit me, a matter of some obscurty. Sixty three years ago, however, it is known that the captain of a French vessel which flad taken shelter in the roads presented two bulbs of Campernelli to Mr. Gluyas. It is not unlikely that some of the varieties of narcissus mentioned may have been introduced by Benedictine honks, who through long generations occupied the Priory of St. Nicholas.

Certain it is that seventy-two years ago the late Mr. Augustus Smith, the uncle of the present "King." brought in several sorts of narcissus. To him must also be ascribed the credit of discerning the commercial possibilities of the bulbs. As he sauntered about his dominions his sesthetic eye was observant of the narcissus, noticed how early and luxuriantly they bloomed, and came to the conclusion that as an export they might be profitable. At length he himself wooed Covent Garden with a small consignment of lilies, and was rewarded by receiving a check for a sovereign. As occasion offered he mentioned the matter to certain of his tenants, but they were influenced by a natural conservative instinct and did not at first act on his hints. A few of them, however, imitated their "King." in a modest way, and contributed their mite to

fluenced by a natural conservative instinct and did not at first act on his hints. A few of them, however, imitated their "King," in a modest way, and contributed their miteto the supply of the London flower market.

Soilly's total area is 3,000 acres, of which rather less than 2,000 are susceptible of profitable cultivation. Consequently the spare land, apart from the occupied farms, was more limited in quantity than it is in Manitoba. There was a great run on it, and in a very short time every available acre adapted to narcissus culture began to be taken up. The output increased by leaps and bounds, the weight of the cut flowers running into hundreds of tons. As lilies are not individually very heavy the total harvest of blooms reached a prodigious figure. One of the most striking sights to be seen at Scilly are the little boats laden with their fragile and fragrant flowers which struggle from the smaller "off islands" some dark and stormy wintry morning, against surge and blast, to reach the steamer at St. Mary's pier.

One consequence of the growth of the narcissus industry in Scilly has been the discovery by the farmers of the value of glass houses, and the islanders of thirty years ago would have been greatly astonished if they had been told how large an archipelagic area the mere lapse of a generation would suffloe to shelter in this fashion. For mild as the Scillonian winter is—the rare apparition of ice in a pond being a subject for

as the Scillonian winter is—the rare apparition of ice in a pond being a subject for excited gossip—the marketable narcissucannot safely be grown entirely out of doors. Sand from the shore beaches, fierce

excited gossip—the marketable narcissus cannot safely be grown entirely out of doors. Sand from the shore beaches, fierce spray from the mountain breakers, penetrate every nook of the islands during a heavy gale and play havoo with the delicate petals of a fully opened narcissus.

So the beautiful flowers—now quite multitudinous in their variety as compared with the original eight kinds—are picked while the tender bud is still protected by the green sheath, at any rate long before they are open, and brought into the hothouses, where, placed in bowls and vases, they develop a size and beauty in damp temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit, which would be else impossible. So after two years growth in the open the pineapples of the Azores have glass run in over on rails that the third year of perfect development may be unmarred and that they may acquire that seemliness and those dimensions which now command the biggest prices at the West End fruiterers.

Now at this moment the workers throng the January lily fields gathering the unopened lilies, and the crisp stalks are being laid in the wicker baskets for conveyance to the safe shelter and even warm temperature of the glasshouses. When fully onen they are made up in bundles of a dozen and laid neatly side by side in the regulation boxes. And in cart or in boat they have been brought down to one of the little steamers which ply to Penzance, and then, their forty mile journey over, are taken possession of by the Great Western Railway, which conveys them more or less swiftly to Paddington, and early morning sees the Covent Garden salesman proclaiming their merits to a matter of fact throng of buyers. One morning they are in their Cassiteridean home, innocent of the ways of cities, the next sees them in the heart of "the busy hum of men."

Among the objects that invariably tract the attention of tourists in tract the attention of tourists in its are the ash pits at every house. These made necessary by the character of the commonly used for domestic purposes by the high winds that prevail.

The ashes of the lignite coal so extensionable of time, remaining red hot for thours, or, if kept from the air, for days, passing through the grate bars.

It is evident that if these red hot a were thrown out in back yards or valots the high winds that sweep across plains would scatter them broadcast, mathem a constant menace to the eyes, and them a constant menace to the eyes, and therefore required by city ordinance to provided with an ash pit, shaped had old fashioned bake oven, with small of ings of passersby, as well as to inflammate the top, through which the are thrown. Another opening in one at the bottom permits their removal with pit is full.

school which she attends as one of the most obedient and willing pupils. She learns so easily and rapidly that the studies seem mere play to her, and most of her hours of recreation are spent with her books or her beloved violin. An incident that occurred in the holidays illustrates the child's lack of self-conscious ness. She was one of the guests at an entertainment given by a friend of her mother where it was expected that a violinist and planist would be present. For some reason the musicians failed to come, and Alicia offered her services. Standing up before the audience, without a trace of fear or embarrassment, the child played a selection from Chopin in a way that took the audience by storm. Alicia sings as well as plays and adds to her other talents that of facile composition. She rhymes easily and makes verses to sing with her own improvisations. Alicia is the only child of her parents, and although they are not well off they are bending all their efforts to give the child's musical education. Someday Aliola's parents in-tend to take her back to Havana, for it is their wish that their child should grow up in the land where their own early lives ALICIA BOU IN DIFFERENT POSES. were spent. "I couldn't do it," he declares,

TRAIN YOURSELF PHYSICALLY. A DOCTOR TELLS AUTHORS.

st Writing Arms Unfit for the Strain of the Work Imposed on Them, He Says -Pains and Remedies of an Allment Which Is Not Aiways Regarded Seriously

That every writer should regularly train his arm to secure muscle and nerve readiness for writing and that most writing arms are utterly unfit for the strain of the work imposed upon them is the opinion of a physician who has treated many cases of writer's cramp. He does not expect the warning to be heeded, though. As a rule no one takes writer's cramp seriously until it has taken him seriously.

One can have it in greater or less degree. In any degree it is a pest to the writer. If you have it in the least degree a doctor's advice should be sought at once. If your hand, or arm, or one finger of your hand gets cold, cramped, or stiff, or gets tired quickly from writing, then the trouble threatens you, according to the physician referred to.

"I consider writer's arm a most serious trouble," he said. "Some of the saddest cases I've come across in my professional experience are those of people who have had to depend upon their right arm for support and have had it partially or completely incapacitated. "Pianists, violinists, dentists, people who

work the right hand a great deal with tools, like bookbinders, wood carvers, etc., get this same trouble from the same negligence. A young pianist I know, who gave great promise, had to give up the following of his art through an overstrained right arm brought on by excessive practising for his debut. He had to go into business. I hate to see that poor fellow's face when he looks at a plano."

The physical act of writing is a onesided thing. One shoulder, one arm, one hand are at it for maybe hours at a time. In the hours while shoulder, arm and hand are hard at it the rest of the body is perfectly still, getting no exercise whatever. Mind is intent upon work, adding a mental ner-

vous tension to the nervous tension of concentrated physical action.

"A writer should physically train for the task of writing," said the physician. "He should walk for the sake of his task, swing clubs, play tennis, golf, climb mountains "There should be a conscious effort on his part to swing his body into thorough balance to counteract the one sided strain wrought into it by the overuse of one arm and to set blood into circulation that has lain sluggish in the hours of sedentary work."

Learn to write in the easiest possible way is his advice. Abolish character from your

writing if it bring a nervous tension into the hand.

Study the subject of penholders. It seems to be generally agreed that hig han-dles bring less strain than small ones. Try a dozen kinds till you get the best kind for

A London novelist has her stylographic pen fitted into a cork handle an inch and a quarter in diameter. She had it made to

quarter in diameter. She had it made to suit her needs.

One person needs one kind of pen, another person another kind. A newspaper editor in town has a basket of ditterent sized penholders on his desk. He finds it is a good thing to use them alternately in writing, thus keeping his hand from being constantly in exactly the same position.

The doctor understanding his business makes a patient coming to him for advice about an arm or a hand strained from writing write for him and he points out

THEDREADED WRITER'S CRAMP any wrong position in fingers, hand, arm or shoulder in the operation. For the tense, nervous hand he will in nine cases out

tense, nervous hand he will in nine cases out of ten recommend the large penholder and a different way of writing.

Care should be taken to have the table or desk at which one writes of the right height, not too high or too low. A too high support for the paper throws one's shoulder up into a strained position; a too low support forces one into a bad stoop.

One should force one's self into occasional little rests while writing. Get up, walk about a bit, stretch arms and hands; get your balance by straightening shoulders

sional little rests while writing. Get up, walk about a bit, stretch arms and hands; get your balance by straightening shoulders and hips. Between periods of writing get out into the open air and walk briskly, this physician advises.

People who are a bit run down are the most likely to have their writing arm give out. Every effort should be made to keep one's self in all around fine trim. Most writers have no pity on themselves, especially when seized by an idea.

Their mind is the only thing that interests them; the slave body must tell for it blindly. The only bother is that there comes a time where the slave has a way of becoming the master and inflicts torment to avenge old abuses.

"Keep yourself in good athletic form for your writing,' I tell my patients," the doctor continued, "and the patient retorts 'But I haven't time.' That's pretty nearly always the cry—no time to take a stitch that will save nine.

"If you had played golf you would never

that will save nine.

"If you had played golf you would never have had this trouble," said a doctor to a newspaper woman. "Your arm was in no muscular condition for this big tax you've put upon it in your work for four years.

"How did you expect it to stand it? You needed broad, free exercise to develop the compensatory muscles and nerves of your arm, muscles and nerves that would compensate in their strength for the strain put upon the muscles and nerves called into play in writing. Then, golf would have kept up your general health. You should have walked five miles every day, at least."

should have walked five miles every day, at least."

Daily flection exercises with or without dumbbells or clubs are held by this doctor to be excellent for keeping the arms in good muscular form. Any physical culture teacher will advise the best kinds of exercise for the purpose.

Have good air in the room that you write in and now and then take deep breaths of it. In your periods of rest lift the window and fill the room with fresh air.

Use a typewriter when possible, as the balanced action of two hands does not tire to the extent that action with one hand

balanced action of two hands does not tire to the extent that action with one hand necessarily does.

With few exceptions people who do not have to write a great deal are not sympa-thetic with a person afflicted with writer's cramp. This comes from the fact that we have two arms. If one is hurt, we use the other.

the other.

That some people are left handed is no demonstration that people who have always been right handed can get to use their left hand with the facility of the right hand. Writing with the left hand is in most cases a difficult, unsatisfactory operation for a grown person accustomed to use the right hand. Robert Louis Stevenson suffered for years from writer's cramp. He speaks of writing with his left hand as "a most laborious task."

laborious task."

It is not at all infrequent for the left arm'to give out when a person unaccustomed to using it for the purpose undertakes to write with it. The action of the two hands differs. Right hand writing proceeds with a flow, left hand with a push.

A bank clerk got writer's cramp badly and was warned by his doctor against using the arm for regular work. He learned to use his left hand. The regular work was too much for it and before long the left arm was as incapacitated for desk labor as the right.

right.

Then it isn't easy, especially for a person of nervous temperament, to get used to the left hand registering thought. For years this registering has been done by the right. Only the writer knows the mental fret that the shift causes.

With a person unskifful with the left hand the swing of work is clogged and hampered. Some people positively cannot learn to write with the left hand. A certain novellat is one of these.

under the enthusiasm of one of my biggest inspirations. It would snuff out the in-

spirations. It would shull out the inspiration instanter.
"A child can learn it or an adult who has
leisure and no special writing to do, but for
the man or woman who wants to write,
write, write as I do, no penalty could be
worse than this struggle with the left hand.
My right arm is pretty well done for, so I
have to dictate—that's cruel lucke but I'm
driven to it, for using the left hand drives
me frantic."
"But you can dictate," says a non-writer,

me frantic."

"But you can dictate," says a non-writer, with bright encouragement.

The novelist called having to dictate cruel luck. The number of writers who prefer to dictate or would enjoy doing so should circumstances oblige is small. Dictating a business letter or a legal paper, for instance, is one thing; dictating a piece of fiction is quite another.

A Canadian writer on philosophy who suffers from writer's cramp stated emphatically that if dictating his work was the last way open for getting it done he

work.

"I absolutely haven't the knack," he explained. "I've tried it again and again, and I've failed each time ignominiously. I cannot conquer a certain self-consciousness before the secretary, a self-consciousness that breeds a stilted quality in my style and confuses my management of matter. The whole unnatural method of work plays havoc with my nerves. I doubt if any one can effect the transmission of original thought to paper as well through

doubt if any one can effect the transmission of original thought to paper as well through another's hand as one's own."

"Milton dictated pretty good things," is the kind of suggestion toked off to the cramp victim by the non-writer.

So he did, but most people have not the same facility. Milton dictated easily, in his own style. Stevenson speaks of his "own style" and his "dictating style." Another's hand changed somewhat his expression of thought, and that "somewhat" discouraged him into admission of the two styles.

"A secretary is such an expense," moans one writer.

"Inspiration and secretary don't always come together," complains another.

"Well, you can typewrite," says the non-

well, you can typewrite, says the non-writer.

Some can; some can't. If the arm is not suffering from a severe case of writer's cramp the typewriting motion may not increase the malady. If the arm is pretty bad or very bad, typewriting hurts it, it may be not to the degree that hand-writing does, but it aggravates the trouble, nevertheless.

A magazine writer in New York uses a typewriter entirely for her work, and spends a good part of the livelibood that she gains from it in going to different doctors, masseurs and osteopaths in search of relief for the pain and weariness in her arm, which she says make her work torture.

"I'm really never free of dragging nerve sensation or pain in my arm. I dread the thought of any form of writing. I dread the work which used to be a pleasure to me," she says.

Then it is impossible for some people to learn to use the typewriter with deft-

to learn to use the typewriter with deft-ness, and using it makes certain people intensely nervous. Some people simply cannot "think into" the machine. We're

Would Take No Chances With Ghosts.

not all built alike.

From the Kansas City Times. There is a large table in one corner of the West Side police station which the po-lice themselves have had to dust off for the last week. Christmas day a negro who was stabbed was carried into the station and died on the table. It is a part of the negro trusty's duties to dust the table every day. The day after Christmas the sergean noticed that the table had not been dusted

and he called the trusty.
"Dust that table," he said.
The trusty took off his hat and made low how. low bow ...
"Look heah, sergeant," he said, "Ah always does what you tell me. Now, a niggah done die on dat table, and if Ah mus take my choice of dustin' it oh breakin' rock Ah's ready fuh de rock pile. Ah doan' want take no risks, wid dem gosten."

The experts stop short of giving exact

"The wealthiest are the closest buyers. The kitchen of nearly every rich woman who trades here contains a set of scales and if short weight is given by grocer or butcher he hears of it in short order. But my poorer customers seldom or never have a scale, which is a mighty big mistake. My advice to every poor woman and to every young couple starting housekeeping is to buy a set of scales the first thing and

dreaming that she had a scale.

live in a small flat and buy in small quantities ever questions whether she is getting sixteen or twelve ouncerfor a pound of butter. "When I started in business nearly forty

years ago, customers always wanted the trimmings of the cuts of meat they bought sent home along with the meat and we were expected to throw in a bone extra are so plentiful and so good.

if on the spot she may see a piece of meat a trifle smaller than the quantity asked for, or which is not precisely the cut, but is practically as good for less money, and she can substitute one vegetable for another which is not so expensive."

At this point two young women entered the place, one holding a small slip of paper.

They were in a great hurry. A clerk stepped

They were in a great hurry. A clerk stepped forward with an order book.

"I want a small roast of lamb about four or five pounds, and one pound of pork tenderich."

instrument, instead of coinciding with it.
Thus the light aweeps across the objective
parallel with its piane.

By this means it is said many particles
so small that they have defied detection
under the most powerful glasses become
visible as brilliant points. It is a new
world, enthusiastic microscopigs say, that
is spend to aciantific study.